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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Christmas Tide

By E. Annie S. Page

Illustrated by Lizbeth B. Humphreys

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CHRISTMAS -TIDE-

BY E. AMIE-S. PAGE.

ILLUSTRATED BY F. L. B. Humphrey

BOSTON

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OUT from the ivied tower
The chimes peal far and wide,
It has come, the sacred hour,
The beautiful Christmas-tide.

THE merry, jangling bells
With music flood the air;
The jubilant organ-swells
Uplift the soul like a prayer.

HE scarlet holly shines
Through frosty panes aglow;
And tapers light the shrines
Where the palm and
myrtle grow

For eve, with its hallowed mirth,
Foretells the rapturous morn;
And over the fair, wide earth
There is joy that the Christ was born!

BEAUTIFUL Christmas-tide,

When the wanderers dream of rest,

And gather from far and wide,

Like birds to the olden nest.

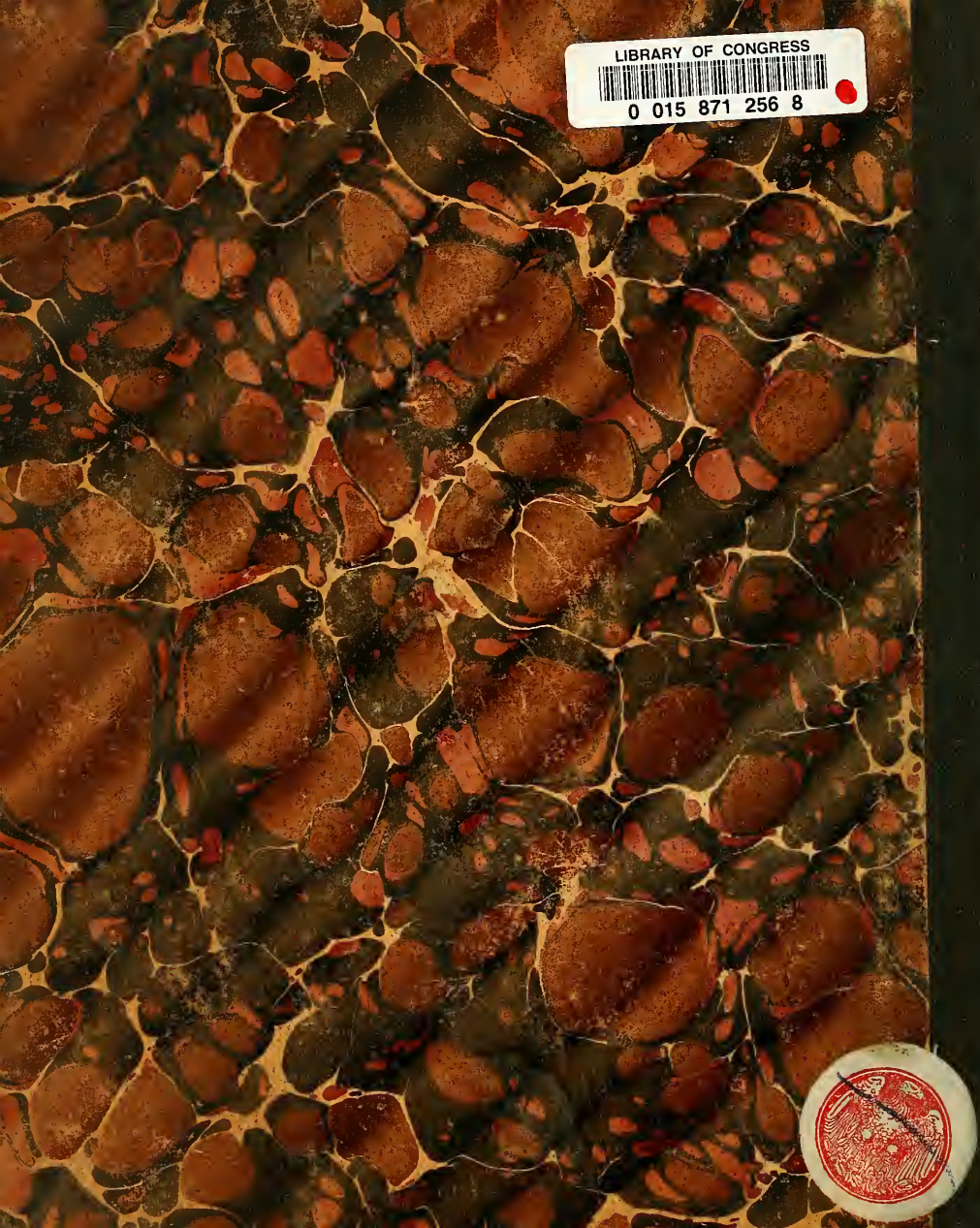
WHEN amid each festal scene
Sweet voices, tender and low,
Drift back to the heart serene
With the peace which the angels know.

WHEN the song that is never old
Resounds from afar and afar,
And a lustre and light untold
Flash out from Bethlehem's star.

ONE name in palace and cot
One glory in minster and hall,
Unsilenced and unforgot,
They hold the world in their thrall

SHINE, stars, till the rose of dawn
Blooms red in the eastern skies;
When the veil of night is withdrawn.
Awake, O souls, and arise!
Awake to the gladness and mirth
Which wait on the hallowed morn;
Rejoice and give thanks, O earth,
That of old the Christ was born!

E. AMIE S PAGE.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